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Office open daily except Thursday afternoons. Near Y. M. C. A., Main St. Bennington, Vt.

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HIDES,
CALVES and HOGS
Highest Cash Prices Paid.

WILL LOAD CARLOAD OF LIVE STOCK SATURDAY. If you have any, call 1W.

GREENBERG

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Rutland Savings Bank

Rutland, Vermont

139th Semi-Annual Statement

July 1, 1920

RESOURCES

Loans and Securities \$8,233,633.74
Cash on hand and in Banks on interest... 403,743.68

LIABILITIES

Due Depositors \$7,774,866.15
Surplus and Interest 837,725.46
State Taxes Accrued 24,815.81

\$8,637,407.42

Trustees:

Henry O. Carpenter Frederick A. Field
Frederick H. Farrington Walter R. Kinsman
Newman K. Chaffee Egbert C. Tuttle
Edward Dana George H. V. Allen

HOW TO ELIMINATE RAINY DAY TROUBLES

It has been tried, tested and proven that the best way to eliminate rainy day troubles is to have a fund at the Rutland Trust Company to which prompt, weekly deposits are added.

If you do this you will be well prepared for emergencies—ready for any time when cash is needed quickly.

4% Interest Paid for Even Calendar Months

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Geo. K. Montgomery, Treasurer

DIRECTORS

Geo. T. Chaffee, N. K. Chaffee, H. E. Dyer, E. P. Gilson,
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Geo. K. Montgomery



Bennington Co. Savings Bank

—Incorporated in 1876—

BENNINGTON, VERMONT

STATEMENT OF CONDITION JULY 1, 1919

RESOURCES

Loans and Securities \$3,443,667.33
Cash on hand and in banks on interest..... 171,864.43

\$3,615,531.76

LIABILITIES

Amount due Depositors..... \$3,192,403.12
Surplus and Interest 423,128.64

\$3,615,531.76

Dividend July 1, 1919, was at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum.

Dividends are declared twice a year, viz: as of the first days of January and July, according to law.

All dividends not withdrawn will be added to the principal and draw interest as new deposits, whether bank book is presented or not.

Deposits made on or before the fifth day of any month draw interest from the first day of that month.

Trustees:—I. E. Gibson, President; E. D. Welling, Vice President; D. F. Gardner, Harrison I. Norton, F. S. Pratt, Wm. H. Bradford, A. E. Buck.

CHARLES H. DEWEY, Treasurer.

DORSET HOLLOW

People are now busy picking strawberries.

Miss Dorothy Kelley has gone to Manchester where she has accepted a position.

Mrs. John Dalton and Miss Anna Hughes were in Manchester one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hazleton and family spent the week end in Ft. Edward visiting.

Miss Lena Galvin of the West Road, was a supper guest of Mrs. John Kelley one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. McLaughlin of Manchester Depot, were Sunday visitors at Valley View Farms.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sheldon and family and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lake were in Manchester recently shopping.

The house commonly called the Rol Jones house has been purchased by Mr. Aborn and extensive repairs are being made.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kelley, Mrs. William Kelley and William Kelley, Jr., were in Granville, N. Y., Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Aborn and three children of East Orange, N. J.,

have arrived at their summer home here for the season.

Messrs. Frank Kelley and L. J. McCoy of Bennington, motored to town Sunday and were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kelley.

Mr. and Mrs. Knowles of Toledo, O., who have been spending their summers here for several seasons, are now occupying their little home recently purchased from the Dighton Lee estate.

RUPERT

Merritt Farrar is ill.
Mrs. G. R. Thompson is visiting in Galway, N. Y.

Miss Elliott of Boston, is visiting Mrs. George Ferguson.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Roberts of Albany, were recent guests in town.

Mrs. Kennedy and daughter Mary are guests of Miss Laura Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Grower of Rutland, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Mason.

Miss Lena Smith has gone to Montpelier, N. Y., where she expects to spend the summer.

The Dorcas Society of the Congregational Church, served a supper in the church parlors on Friday evening.

The VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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(Continued from page 1)

telephone about two hours ago." Buck Ogilvy smote his left palm with his right fist. "How did you let that out of the bag?"

"That remarkable girl called me up and accused you of being a mere screen for me and amazed me so I admitted it."

Ogilvy dropped his red head in simulated agony and moaned. Presently he raised it and said: "Well, it might have been worse. Think of what might have happened had she called in person. She would have picked your pocket for the corporate seal, the combination of the safe and the list of stockholders, and probably ended up by gagging and binding you in your own swivel chair."

"Don't, Buck. Comfort and abuse is what I need now."

"All right. What do you want me to do to save the day?"

"Deliver to me by six o'clock Thursday night a temporary franchise from the city council, granting the N. C. O. the right to run a railroad from our drying yard across Water street at its intersection with B street and out Front street."

"Certainly. By all means! Easiest thing I do! All right, old dear! I'm on my way to do my duty—dest which angels can't do no more. Nevertheless, for your sins you shall do me a favor before my heart breaks after falling down on this contract you've just given me."

"Granted, Buck. Name it."

"I'm giving a little nice private, specially cooked dinner to Miss McTavish tonight. We're going to pull it off in one of those private screened corridors in that highly decorated Chink restaurant on Third street. Molra—that is, Miss McTavish—is bringing a chaperon, one Miss Shirley Sumner. Your job is to be my chaperon and entertain Miss Sumner, who from all accounts is most brilliant and fascinating."

"Nothing doing!" Bryce almost roared. "Why, she's the girl that bluffed the secret of the N. C. O. out of me!"

"Do you hate her for it?"

"No. I hate myself."

"Then you'll come. You promised in advance, and no excuses go now. The news will be all over town by Friday morning; so why bother to keep up appearances any longer?"

And before Bryce could protest Ogilvy had thrown open the office door and called the glad tidings to Molra, who was working in the next room; whereupon Molra's wonderful eyes shone with that strange, lambent flame. She clasped her hands joyously. "Oh, how wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I've always wanted Miss Shirley to meet Mr. Bryce."

CHAPTER XIII.

Fortunately for the situation which had so suddenly confronted him, Bryce Cardigan had Mr. Buck Ogilvy; and out of the experiences gained in other railroad-building enterprises the said Ogilvy, while startled, was not stunned by the suddenness and immensity of the order so casually given him by his youthful employer, for he had already devoted to the matter of that crossing the better part of the preceding night.

"Get to run a sandy on the mayor," Buck soliloquized as he walked rapidly uptown. "Now how shall I proceed to sneak up on that oily old cuss' blind side?"

Two blocks farther on Mr. Ogilvy paused and snapped his fingers vigorously. "Eureka!" he murmured. "I've got Poundstone by the tail on a downhill haul. Is it a cinch? Well, I just guess I should tell a man!"

He hurried to the telephone building and put in a long-distance call for the San Francisco office of the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company. When the manager came on the line Ogilvy dictated to him a message which he instructed the manager to telegraph back to him at the Hotel Sequoia one hour later; this mysterious detail attended to, he continued on to the mayor's office in the city hall.

Mayor Poundstone's bushy eyebrows arched with interest when his secretary laid upon his desk the card of Mr. Buchanan Ogilvy, vice president and general manager of the Northern California. "Ah-h-h!" he breathed with an unpleasant resemblance to a lion yawn who sees before him his favorite vintage. "I have been expecting Mr. Ogilvy to call for quite a while. Show him in."

The visitor was accordingly admitted to the great man's presence and favored with an official handshake of great heartiness. "I've been hoping to have this pleasure for quite some time, Poundstone," Buck announced easily as he disposed of his hat and overcoat on an adjacent chair. Buck's alert blue eyes opened wide in sympathy with his genial mouth, to deluge Mayor Poundstone with a smile that was

friendly, guileless, confidential and singularly delightful. Mr. Ogilvy was a man possessed of tremendous personal magnetism when he chose to exert it, and that smile was ever the opening gun of his magnetic bombardment, for it was a smile that always had the effect of making the observer desire to behold it again—of disarming suspicion and establishing confidence.

"Glad you did—mighty glad," the mayor cried heartily. "I have read your articles of incorporation, Mr. Ogilvy. You will recall that they were published in the Sequoia Sentinel. It strikes me—"

"Then you know exactly what we purpose doing, and any further explanation would be superfluous," Buck interrupted amiably, glad to dispose of the matter so promptly. Again he favored the mayor with his bright smile and the latter, now fully convinced that here was a young man of vast enterprise whom it behooved him to receive in a whole-hearted and public-spirited manner, nodded vigorous approval.

"Well, that being the case, Mr. Ogilvy,"



"What Can We Sequoians Do to Make You Happy?"

vy," he continued, "what can we Sequoians do to make you happy?"

"Why, to begin with, Mr. Poundstone, you might accept my solemn assurances that despite the skepticism which for some unknown reason appears to shroud our enterprise in the minds of some people, we have incorporated a railroad company for the purpose of building a railroad. The only thing that can possibly interfere with the project will be the declaration of the city council to grant us a franchise to run our line through the city to tidewater. And I am glad to have your assurance that the city council will not drop a cold chisel in the cogs of the wheels of progress."

Mr. Poundstone had given no such assurance, but for some reason he did not feel equal to the task of contradicting this pleasant fellow. Ogilvy continued: "At the proper time we shall apply for the franchise. It will then be time enough to discuss it. In the meantime the N. C. O. plans a public dedicatory ceremony at the first breaking of ground, and I would be greatly honored, Mr. Mayor, if you would consent to turn the first shovel of earth and deliver the address of welcome upon that occasion."

The mayor swelled like a Thanksgiving turkey. "The honor will be mine," he corrected his visitor.

"Thank you so much, sir. Well, that's another worry off my mind. With the tact of a prime minister Buck then spoke of the magic effect the building of such a line would have upon the growth of Sequoia. Sequoia, he felt convinced, was destined to become a city of at least a hundred thousand inhabitants; he rhapsodized over the progressive spirit of the community and with a wave of his hand studded the waters of Humboldt bay with the masts of the world's shipping. Suddenly he checked himself, glanced at his watch, apologized for consuming so much of His Honor's valuable time, expressed himself felicitated at knowing the Mayor, gracefully expressed his appreciation for the encouragement given his enterprise and departed.

Half an hour later the Mayor's telephone-bell rang. Buck Ogilvy was on the line. "I beg your pardon for bothering you with my affairs twice in the same day Mr. Mayor," he announced deprecatingly, "but the fact is, a condition has just arisen which necessitates the immediate employment of an attorney. The job is not a very important one and almost any lawyer would do, but in view of the fact that we must, sooner or later, employ an attorney to look after our interests locally, it occurred to me that I might as well make the selection of a permanent attorney now. I am a stranger in this city Mr. Poundstone. Would it be imposing on your consideration if I asked you to recommend such a person?"

"Why, not at all, not at all! Delighted to help you, Mr. Ogilvy. Let me see now. Cadman & Banes, with offices in the Knights of Pythias Temple, would be just the people, although there is Rodney McKendrick, in the Chamber of Commerce building—a splendid fellow, Mr. Ogilvy, and most desirable. And if I may be pardoned a dash of paternal ego, there is my son Henry Poundstone, Junior. While Henry is a young man, his career in the law has been most gratifying, although he hasn't had as broad an experience as the others I mentioned, and perhaps your choice had better lie between Cadman & Banes and Rodney McKendrick."

"Thank you a thousand times," Mr. Ogilvy murmured, and hung up. "We thought so, Buck, we thought so," he soliloquized. "Yes, Cadman & Banes or Rodney McKendrick may do, but Long have mercy on the corporate soul of the N. C. O. If I fail to retain Henry Poundstone, Junior. What a wise plan it is to look up the relatives of a public official! Well! Forward, men, follow me—to Henry's office."

Henry Poundstone, Junior, proved to be the sole inhabitant of one rather bare office in the Cardigan block. Buck had fully resolved to give him a retainer of a thousand dollars, or even more, if he asked for it, but after one look at Henry he cut the appropriation to two hundred and fifty dollars. Young Mr. Poundstone was blonde and frail, with large round spectacles, rabbit teeth, and the swiftly receding chin of the terrapin. Moreover, he was in such a flutter of anticipation over the arrival of a client that Buck deduced two things—to wit, that the Mayor had telephoned Henry he was apt to have a client, and that as a result of this miracle, Henry was in no fit state to discuss the sordid subject of fees and retainers. Ergo, Mr. Ogilvy decided to obviate such discussion now or in the future. He handed Henry a check for two hundred and fifty dollars, which he wrote out on the spot, and with his bright winning smile remarked: "Now, Mr. Poundstone, we will proceed to business. That retainer isn't a large one, I admit, but neither is the job I have for you today. Later, if need of your services on a larger scale should develop, we shall of course expect to make a new arrangement whereby you will receive the customary retainer of all of our corporation attorneys. I trust that is satisfactory."

"Eminently so," gasped the young disciple of Blackstone.

"Very well, then; let us proceed to business." Buck removed from a small leather bag a bale of legal-looking documents. "I have here," he announced, "agreements from landowners along the proposed right of way of the N. C. O. to give to that company, on demand, within one year from date, satisfactory deeds covering rights of way which are minutely described in the said agreements. I wish the deeds prepared for signing and recording at the earliest possible moment."

"You shall have them at this time to-morrow," Henry promised.

The head of Henry Poundstone, Junior, was held high for the first time since he had flung his modest shingle to the breezes of Sequoia six months before, and there was an unaccustomed gleam of importance in his pale eyes as he rushed into his father's office in the city hall.

"By Jinks, Dad," he exclaimed, "I've hooked a fish at last—and he a whopper. Read this," and he thrust a yellow telegraph-form under the Mayor's nose. The latter adjusted his glasses and read:

"Imperative building operations commence immediately. Local skepticism injurious and delays dangerous. We must show good faith to our New York friends. J. P. M. insists upon knowing promptly where we stand with Sequoia city council. See them immediately and secure temporary franchise, if possible, to enable us to cross Water street at B street and build out Front street. If your judgment indicates no hold-up on permanent franchise, commence active operations immediately upon acquisition of permanent franchise."

"HOCKLEY."

This telegram, as the Mayor observed, had been filed at San Francisco subsequent to Ogilvy's visit to him that afternoon.

"Ah-h-h!" breathed His Honor. "That accounts for his failure to bring the matter up at our interview. Upon his return to the hotel he found this telegram—and got busy at once. By Jupiter, this looks like business. Henry, how did you come into possession of this telegram?"

"It must have been mixed up in the documents Ogilvy left with me. I found it on my desk when I was sorting out the papers, and in my capacity of attorney for the N. C. O. I had no hesitancy in reading it."

"Well, I do declare! Wonder who Hockley is."

"Hockley doesn't matter," young Henry declared triumphantly, "although I'd bet a hat he's one of those heavy-weight Wall street fellows and one of J. P. M.'s vice-presidents, probably. J. P. M., of course, is the man behind."

"Who the devil is J. P. M?"

(To be continued)

BONDVILLE

Frank Wheeler of Greenfield, was a guest at John Williams', Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Burbank went to Brattleboro and Bellows Falls, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Carleton and Mr. and Mrs. Erle Benson of Manchester Depot, were guests at A. A. Benson's, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brooks and family and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Austin of Putney, were guests of Mrs. Sarah Burber, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dunn, Gordon Dunn, and Miss Dorothea Dunn of Brownsville, were guests at Mrs. Flora Burbank's, Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Pier and son Robert and her mother, Mrs. Benn of Lynn, are at their summer home. Mr. Pier returned to Lynn Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perry, Miss May Sullivan and Miss Agnes Martin of Amherst, Mass., Miss Estabrook of New Jersey, and Mrs. John Tragg of New York, are guests at L. F. Benson's.